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## CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

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CONTENTS VEL STARRING IN



ALSO SELECTED HUMOR FEATURES

and VENUS, 23rd CENTURYANOTHER ADVENTURE IN THE FUTURE WITH JON JARL!!

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CAPTAIN MARVEL













CAPTAIN MARVE



























































CAPTAIN MARVEL











LATER, WHEN BILLY BATSON RE-



AND THAT'S THE STORY, FOLKS O ONE CAN REALLY FORE-TRUL THE RUTURE! RUT CAPT. MARVEL WILL NEVER











## CAPTAIN MARVEL HYA, JACK, I'M GOING FOR A BODA, WANT TO COME ALONG? SHOULD MAKE A-MENDS WELL, HE WAS HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND FOR SOME TIME HAVE I BAN HIM. HER VES CURSE MENDING SLOWLY P GOSH -- HE WAS JUST SEWING KNOW HE HAD BEEN Out Manders! ATTENTION! SWYH TILW MYTH UIL ZO LU NG LOW UZAW! AWCS NLMS NE SENV CEVESWAZASH DECO W YEXP PEGE NV! CENTER OF GRAN EN SIL







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IT'S CHEWY ... IT'S DELICIOUS ... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

## FLEER'S DITE



### VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE

LET'S FACE IT

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SKIN-KNEE ... IT'S NOT MR. BROWN'S FAULT ENGLIGHT, SO

DON'T LET HIM GET AHEAD OF US. NECKS TIME HE GET HERE EARLY, DURBLE BURBLE y' KNOW

TH THUMB FUN HAND IT TO PLEER'S

CENT. IZZAT PESTER

# GAPT. KID ...MORE LUCK THAN BRAINS



CAPTAIN MARVEL







CAPTAIN MARVEL













### VENUS, 23RD CENTURY

# Enrado Binder VENUS pleaned like of giant postoons. Meas the delighted spoc her l'm

VENUS gleamed like a bright jewel among the stars, as Lt. Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol rocketed toward it. Venus—the sister world of Earth. But as the one-man rocket ship approached, Jon Jarl saw it was quite unlike Earth.

Venus was surrounded by a thick blanket of clouds. through which the sun rarely shone. Under the cloud lavers quivered an endless storm-tossed sea, Venus was almost all ocean. There were no continents such as on Earth, only scattered islands from pole to pole. It rained nine-tenths of the time on Venus, and the rest of the time it drizzled. The average temperature was 105. It had once gone as low as 94. Venus was 24 million miles closer to the sun than Earth

Mal. All these things Jon Jarl knew, from peevolus visits. But even he was caught unawares as the mighty winds of the cook. Ramming power into the rockets, Jon regained control and bored into the teeth of the wind. Venus was a hot, wet, stormy world, much like Earth had been millions learn had been millions to

years before.
Finally, through the cloudy haze, Jon saw the looming shape of Plastic Island, so called. But it was an artificial island, man made. Essentially, it consisted of an enduring plastic platform, upheld by a series

could not be used, as metals corroded swiftly in the vertern of the platform, which was a mile square, rested the buildings of an Earth colony. Population—perhaps a thousand, and all hardy souls. And it was here that the Space Patrol had set up one of its stations.

Jon set his ship down neatly on the landing strip. The moment he stepped out of his cooled ship, a hot humid blast of air hit him. Perspiration broke from his face and trickled off his chin. But as he walked along, he admired the firm underfooting of the artificial island. It was quite dry, whereas all natural islands on Venus were regularly washed over by tidal waves. That was why Earth people could not live on the islands. They had to set up living quarters on such man-

made "islands" as this.

Thankfully, Jon went into
the Space Patrol station,
where it was again air-conditioned to somewhat below
a steaming hot day in the
jungles of equatorial Earth.
He saluted the uniformed
officer, a captain.

66 LT. JON JARL reporting, sir. 1 got your radio call in space."
"Hullo, Lieutenant," returned the other, smiling crookedly as he went on-"Welcome to the soft brease and balmy skies of Venus. Sorry to dray you down to

this delightful spot, but I'm short-handed. Got to send you right out on a job."

The officer pointed to a Venusian map, with dettings of islands over the universal sea. He put a finger near one sea. He put a finger near one plants island, like this one, a plants island, like this one, but quite small. A group of scientists lawbe ben using it, studying local flora and fauna." His face went grim.

"But 48 hours ago, their daily radio reports suddenly stopped."
"And I'm to find out why," said Jon.

THE captain nodded. "Dr. Woodward is in charge there. Find out if they're in any trouble. If so, report by radio."

Within an hour, Jon took of again, after refueling and checking the rockets. He skimmed high over the glant waves and set a radar-course for Island K-9826. Trying to fly visually on Venus was like trying to fly through pea-soup.

island, carefully comparing it with the maps, be went beyond to where the plasticisand was anchored. Full of the plasticist with the plasticity of the plast

the horizon-by radar. Yes.

When he sighted the right

#### CAPTAIN MARVEL to master the finer points of

there it was, a small plasticplatform upheld by nonto hold a group of small but comfortable plastic huts, which composed the headquarters of the scientists. But why was it way off here?

ON surveyed the artificial island carefully before landing. No sign of life, No sign of danger, either. He saw two other rocket-ships on the landing strip, unmolested. What could it add up

Jon landed and stepped out, "Hallo!" he called. "Anybody here?"

Ion was about to step toward a hut, when a queer form came hurtling onto the platform. It was a native Venusian. He had ridden the crest of a huge wave and flipped himself on deck. The Venusian was a short pudgy creature, standing erect on two webbed feet. His arms were more flippers than hands, and he now clapped

them together like a trained seal, grinning, "Canny?" he begged, "Canny?" He meant candy of course. Ion smiled at the eager childlike native and went through his nockets. The natives of Venus were simple, backward people, in a low stage of civilization, comparable to jungle natives on Earth.

With the coming of Earthmen, they had been as friendly as dogs, and soon learned to beg for sweetmeats. Ion held out a chocolate-tablet, always carried during space trips, and watched the Venusian gulp it down in happy relish.

Jon had a sudden thought. "Look," he enunciated slowly. "You know anything about what has happened

here? Where men who live The native shrugged, but then pointed out to sea. "Boat - men - lost." The Venusians had been unable

Earth language and used only key words. "What?" Jon was startled. "You mean the men left, in a rocket life-boat? But why?" "I'll rell va why." grated a voice behind Jon. He whirl-

ed to face a half-dozen grim men. The leader, with a harsh curl to his lip, pointed a ray-gun straight for his heart. "Drop your ray-gun John Law."

JON JARL weighed his chances. Drawing, he might get three or four of them, in lightning shots, But the others would get him. He dropped his gun to the deck. "Outlaws?" he guessed. "You came in from space,

took over this place, and sent the scientists off in a lifeboat, knowing they had one chance in a hundred to reach asfety." "Smart, ain't ya?" the leader rasped. "But you

guested it. We're gonna make this floating island our base of operations. A moving hide-out. We can raid the other big centers, in our rocket-ship, and then come back here. The Patrol will never locate us, as we move around. You only spotted us because we didn't have time to get away from the anot

A clever scheme, thought Ion. Using the floating artificial island, they might well carry out a long series of raids on Earthmen colonies. and laugh at the Patrol. A new voice sounded. "Canny? Canny?" It was the

Venusian, begging from the outlaw leader His answer was a vicious kick that sent the Venusian flying off the deck to the water, "That'll teach và to

come beggin' from me, va brainless fish-face!" "Now." said the outlaw. facing Jon. "Ever hear of walkin' the plank? The oldtime pirates, on Earth, used to pull that. We sin't got a plank, so we'll just tie your hands and kick va off."

His hands tied behind him. a brutal kick sent Ion hurtling down to the waves. Helpless, wave after wave washed over him, and he knew it was the end. It seemed like a dream when a

pair of strong arms grabbed him and pulled his head above water. Then a pair of webbed feet propelled them both through the water at a speed no Earth swimmer could match. It was the Venusian na-

"Them had-vou good." was his short but concise ex-

planation. A moment later taken-a floating network of scaweed, tunneled, in which the natives lived. The Venusian habbled out in his own tongue, and a swarm of his fellows came forth, armed with long dried tentacles of some marine monater they had killed. Jon was swiftly borne back by the natives, and on the crest of a high wave, they all hurtled aboard the floating platform.

THE fight was brief and furious. The outlaws opened fire with their raywhere it was anchored beguns and downed several natives. But they fired no secand round. The long tentacle-whips snaked out, with uncanny accuracy and got the outlaws around the neck. A quick ferk-a sickening

snap . . . Ion tried to stop them, but it was all over in seconds. The outlaws lay dead.

Before stenouse anto has rocketship, Jon said to the natives - "You stay and guard the place, till I find the scientists and hring them back. And here's something to keep you bus-" Ion handed them a whole

box of chocosate.

## WHIPPER - SNAPPERS









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COMPARE NW WITH JOHN DOE, CRETAINLY YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A ARTA WHOSE HONESTY AND GOOD WILL SPOKE OUT SO CLEARLY FROM HIS APPEARANCE.



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